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THE NATIONAL POLICE NEXT WEEK GAZETTE

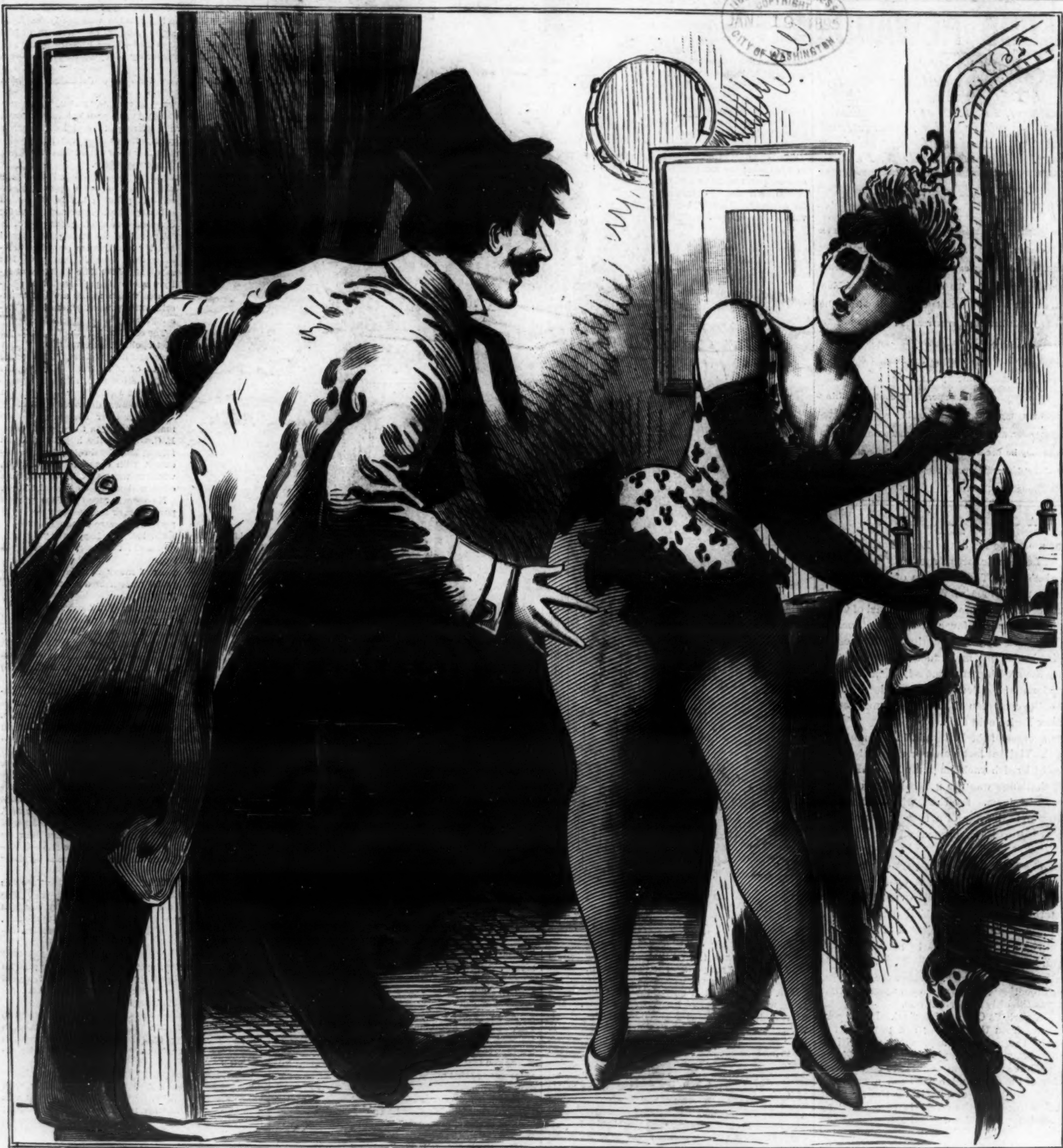
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RICHARD K. FOX
Editor and Proprietor

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WALKED INTO HER DRESSING-ROOM.

A BOLD INTRUDER INVADES THE BOUDOIR OF A PRETTY ACTRESS, AT A GOTHAM THEATRE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
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\$500 will be paid for the return of the "Police Gazette" Heavy-weight Championship Belt, stolen at Davenport, Ia., Nov. 11; an additional \$500 will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the thief or thieves.
RICHARD K. FOX.

To Our Readers.

The Sporting Department of the POLICE GAZETTE will, hereafter, be under the supervision of Mr. "Sam" C. Austin, whose long experience as a writer and critic of sporting events, for the daily newspapers of New York, entitles him to favorable consideration from the vast army of POLICE GAZETTE readers.

Mr. Austin's sole aim and object will be to maintain the high standard which made the POLICE GAZETTE the leading sporting authority in the world.

The columns devoted to sport will contain nothing but bright, newsy matter, presented in a readable, interesting manner, and changes will be made from time to time, as may be needful to elevate the tone and character of the department, and recommend it to sporting people throughout the world.

A CUP RACE ASSURED.

The recent action of the Royal Yacht Squadron, at London, insures a race this year for the America's Cup. The influence of such sportsmen as the Prince of Wales, the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Dunraven and the Earl of Caledon was exerted in favor of an acceptance of the New York Yacht Club's stipulation concerning the deed of gift, and under this strong leadership the meeting unanimously approved the conditions submitted by Commodore J. D. Smith, the chairman of the Cup Committee of the New York Yacht Club.

The success of the Britannia in her matches with the Vigilant last summer stimulated the hopes of British yachtsmen, and Lord Dunraven's challenge was the natural outgrowth of this enthusiasm. So that, when difficulties sprang up in the way of a race next autumn, great was the disappointment on both sides of the water.

The chief objection on the part of the English yachtsmen was raised not over the conditions of the race itself, but over the way in which the cup should be held if the challenger won it. Lord Dunraven objected to accepting the cup as a trophy subject to perpetual contest under the terms of the deed by which it is now held in this country. There were, perhaps, other objections, but it was soon apparent that this was the only important one.

The America's Cup is historical. It was carried away from the leading sea power of the world by the youngest aspirant for maritime honors. Since that sweeping victory in 1851 the English have made many efforts to regain possession of the cup, and have been always defeated. That it is emphatically the greatest yachting trophy in the world is recognized by all sportsmen, and the dogged attempts of the English to get it back have done much to give it its present importance. Hence an international yacht race in our waters in which the America's Cup was not to be awarded to the winner would be rather worse than "Hamlet" with the melancholy Prince omitted from the cast.

MASKS AND FACES.

A Wicked Hungarian Dancer at
Koster & Bial's.

A CHAT WITH ELEANOR MAYO

How the Chorus Girls in "Little Christopher" Helped one of their Number.

A GOOD JOKE ON BEERBOHM TREE.

Cissy Loftus has much experience of music halls, and she may not be easily shocked. But in her new employment at Koster & Bial's I should advise her to go on during the earlier part of the evening and leave the house before the appearance of Mile. Blanche de Berzsenyi.

It is distressingly evident that Koster & Bial cannot get along without wickedness. Tony Pastor had no sooner carried off that exponent of impudence and millinery, the audacious Eugenie Fougere, than Mr. Bial imported a Hungarian who, compared with the Parisian, is as water unto wine. This dancer is a person of quality.

She has an aristocratic prefix to her name; she must have her own orchestra and she conducts herself as if she didn't care a fig for anybody. Happily, her arrival was fixed after the adjourn-

ment of the Lexow Committee, and no investigation can interrupt the prosperity of her engagement.

It will be prosperous. Mile. De Berzsenyi is one of the most interesting young women that Europe has recently sent us. Her dance is altogether unique and her method of singing is without a parallel. It is a wicked performance, but in these advanced days of Mrs. Tanqueray, Rebellious Susan and Gismonda we have escaped from Puritanism.

Blanche de Berzsenyi is up to date, if not a little beyond it. Fougere is old-fashioned and decorous beside her, and she makes the crust of society seem secure and pastoral. The title of her emotional musical drama is "An Invitation to the Dance," and the bidding is so seductive that even the musicians forget their notes and go to her in abstraction. If this is a typical Hungarian dance there are no bachelors in Hungary.

It is stated that Mile. De Berzsenyi has received no less than seven proposals of marriage since her appearance here, and even Franz Romaw has asked the lady to become his bride. Mile. Petrescu can walk upside down as much as she pleases, and Cinquevalli can kill a fiddler every night with his cannon ball. But at present the most interesting person at Koster & Bial's is this pretty Hungarian, who has neither Fougere bonnets nor Di Dio diamonds, but who can arouse amazement without them.

Pretty Eleanor Mayo, the star of "Princess Bonnie," chats interestingly about herself.

"My childhood," she laughed, and trilled out a few notes of the delicious waltz song of the first act. "My childhood; eight years of it were spent in a convent, you know, the convent of Our Lady of Angels, in Elmira, N. Y. It was nothing but work, work, work there from morning till night, with time for prayers. O, I studied my catechism faithfully, and in my little head there were no ideas of going on the stage. Of course I was interested in papa's career, and was fond of his 'Davy Crockett,' and 'be sure you are right and then go ahead' was a motto of mine in the convent days. I had none of the glamorous ideas about the mysteries of stage life. I knew very well all about the workings of the machinery behind the scenes. I often and often went behind with papa, you know. Papa never thought I should go on the stage.

"He didn't exactly approve of my singing in opera; but he didn't say 'no'—he wasn't like the proverbial papa in the melodramas—he didn't put his foot down very severely. O, no, dearie me, I didn't realize that I had a voice that was anything out of the ordinary. I always sang and loved to from the time I was eight years old. I sang in the choir at the

convent, and at concerts that the sisters gave from time to time. Whenever there was a solo to sing they gave it to me; but no one at the convent, you may be sure, ever told me that my voice was one that might be adapted for opera singing.

"As I grew older there were several people outside who, when they heard me sing, said I had a good voice and that I ought to do something with it. I used to laugh and think they were telling me fairy tales. I was telling you that I did not appreciate the fact that my voice was one that might help me get my living some day. Well, neither did I. I was dreadfully run down when I left the convent. I traveled with papa for awhile through the West, and I had a jolly time. Papa and I are great chums, you know, and we always have very good times together.

"You want me to tell you just how I came to go on? Well, it wasn't because my aspirations were inclined stageward, but because stern necessity told me that I should have to earn my own bread and butter—to say nothing of plum cake and vanilla tarts."

Miss Mayo has a wonderfully happy and infectious

laugh, and she threw back her "bounie" head and laughed merrily before she went on:

"You know I thought I might get some engagements to sing in concerts and that sort of thing, and thus pick up an honest penny. I was going to sing for Henry Wolfson. Mr. Wolfson introduced me to Mr. Duff, and Mr. Duff sent for me one day to meet Julian Edwards, who had written a pretty opera called 'King Rene's Daughter.'

"Sing for me, please," said Mr. Edwards.
"Like a nice, obedient child, I did so."
"I want you to sing in my opera," said Mr. Edwards, when I had finished my little song.

"Very well," I said; "I'll do it," and that is how it all came about that I got myself on the stage and am being interviewed.

"O, I was nervous that first night, when I made my debut. Papa and mamma were there with my friends, to give me courage; but, O, how I did tremble. They said I didn't show it any, and though I do get just as nervous every first night, my condition, fortunately, does not affect my voice. I am very unlike my father in one respect. While he is on the stage he sees no one in the front of the house. I see nearly every face in the house before the evening is out; and the expressions upon the different faces influence me to a very great extent. I love to play to a person who looks interested, especially an old man or an old woman."

Miss Mayo is only twenty-two years of age, and her brief and wonderfully successful stage career closes at the end of this season, at which time she will become the wife of James Elverson, Jr., who is the son of the proprietor of the Philadelphia Enquirer.

It was a sad Christmas Eve for one of the pretty sailor lassies in "Little Christopher."

A few hours before she went to the Garden Theatre her mother's home in Brooklyn was nearly destroyed by fire. Even the gifts and toys that were to delight her younger brothers and sisters were blistered and charred, and she was a very heavy-hearted little chorus girl, indeed.

What did the other divinities of the chorus do about it?

They all said it was "just terrible," and they were "so sorry," and they "hustled" in a practical way. From their own Christmas offerings they collected such a dazzling store of pretty things that the little sailor lassie quite staggered under their weight when she again started homeward across the bridge.

This story is pleasant to relate, because it shows the chorus girl as she frequently is, instead of painting her in the act of drinking champagne and smoking cigarettes—as she frequently isn't.

The sale of the Metropolitan Hotel and Niblo's Theatre promises to remove from lower Broadway, the last memento of the time when the vicinity was thickly populated with playhouses, whose names are but memories to the present generation of the stagegoers.

The old Comique, the Olympic, the Metropolitan, afterward Tony Pastor's, and many others, fell before the march of commerce one by one, but Niblo's stood firm, although at various times within the last half dozen years its downfall looked certain.

Manager after manager failed to make it pay as a first-class theatre. E. G. Gilmore, the last lessee, could furnish half the theatrical companies extant with costumes and scenery, which he was compelled to take from combinations in lieu of promised rent.

No one will regret it if the present purchasers of the property decide to raze the theatre to the ground. It would have been better had this happened years ago, before the glories of the old theatre gave place to obscurity and desolation.

Although the scene of many notable productions, Niblo's will always be remembered as the home of "The Black Crook."

Violent and most alarming symptoms of illness developed among the members of the "Little Christopher" company, at the Garden Theatre, on New Year's Day. It seemed to be in the nature of an epidemic, but prompt medical investigation proved that it was nothing more virulent than a severe attack of home made cake.

The old year was ushered out by a modest little banquet, prepared in one of the big rooms under the stage by the charming divinities of Rice's effervescent chorus. Each girl was required to contribute a cake of her own making. That no fatalities resulted is regarded as little less than miraculous.

One of the best stories concerning Beerbohm Tree, the English actor, who comes to Abbey's Theatre in the latter part of this month, is at his own expense. It relates to his first appearance as the somewhat corpulent *Filistaff*. In the last act he had arranged that *Filistaff*, disconcerted by the gibes and buffets of the fairies in Windsor Forest, should make one herculean effort to climb the oak tree. The pegs that were to serve as supports for that tree were always conspicuous by their absence.

On the morning before the performance, Mr. Tree was told they should positively be fixed on the tree. The morning came, but with it no pegs. Eloquence was stifled, even invective faltered. He pointed to the tree, and, with the calm of despair, blurted out to the de-faulter:

"No pegs?"
Such an ejaculation, spoken more in sorrow than in anger, would, he hoped, appeal to that last remnant of conscience which even the paper-mache bosom of a property man might be supposed to retain.

In the evening there was a dress rehearsal, but still no pegs could be seen. Mr. Tree's form quivered—beneath the padding—with pent-up emotions, and in a torrent of passion and a voice shaken by righteous wrath, he exclaimed:

"Where are those pegs?"
"Pegs—pegs?" exclaimed the property-master, with exasperating affability. "Why, gov'nor, what was your words to me this morning? 'No pegs.' And there ain't none!"

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She Sings Wicked Songs.

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

He Promised to Support Her,
But Didn't.

LOVE IN THREE STATES.

A Most Romantic Wooing Which Ends
In a Very Strange Wedding Trip.

RIVALS PLEAD IN COMPANY.

Attorney J. J. Shea has filed a petition in the Supreme Court of Council Bluffs, Ia., demanding of J. W. Squire, \$15,000. Mr. Squire is one of the most prominent business men in Council Bluffs, and has always borne a good name. He has always taken an active part in business enterprises for the welfare of the city. He and his family hold prominent positions in society and church circles. These facts are what lend the sensational features to the lawsuit now begun. The plaintiff to the suit for damages is Miss or Mrs. Mamie Rollins. The woman formerly lived in Omaha, and it was here, it is alleged in the petition, that Squire first made her acquaintance. In her petition the plaintiff states, that during the year 1893 and the early part of 1894, J. W. Squire came to her house daily, and that during that time he ordered for his own use and the use of those with whom he associated in the house, wines and liquors to the value of \$475. These refreshments were furnished at the request of Squire and he has failed to settle. The petition also alleges that while intoxicated Squire damaged and destroyed furniture valued at \$525, and that "although he has repeatedly promised to do so, he has neglected, failed and refused to pay the plaintiff for the loss and damage so occasioned." The woman states that Squire became or pretended to become very fond of her, and continually during his visits to her house solicited her to abandon her business and let him support her, she to locate in Council Bluffs. She stated that he agreed to maintain her in her lavish style, as befitting a man worth \$250,000. The woman gave up her Omaha place and occupied a residence on Avenue A in Council Bluffs. She lived there until lately, when she returned to Omaha. Another allegation in the petition is to the effect that the plaintiff suffered a loss of \$4,000 by sacrificing expensive furniture, which was necessitated by her removal from Omaha to Council Bluffs. The greatest injury she has sustained, she states, is on account of the failure of Squire to keep his agreement. She says that for a short time after her removal to this city, Squire provided for her in the manner he had promised, but he apparently grew tired of her companionship and finally deserted her. In failing to provide for her according to their contract, the plaintiff claims that she has been injured to the extent of \$10,000. Considering all these several injuries Mrs. Rollins thinks she should be recompensed to the amount of \$15,000, and asks the court to render judgment for that sum. Attached to the petition is a letter alleged to have been written by Squire to the plaintiff, which reads:

"Your note received. You need express no fear of my not keeping my part of the bargain. If you will give up your business and come to the Bluffs and live quietly, I will support you in better style than you ever enjoyed in your life." Mr. Squire denies most emphatically, all the charges made by the Rollins woman, and says it is an attempt to ruin his character and get up for the purpose of blackmail.

Dean E. M. Rodman, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, at Plainfield, N. J., joined in marriage Edwin S. Westlake and Alice T. Tewksbury.

The couple came from Providence and had been traveling since New Year's Day searching for a minister who would tie the knot. Their experience during their travels, and the manner in which they became engaged, were extremely romantic.

Westlake, who is a traveling salesman, is 23 years old. He is the son of Rev. C. M. Westlake, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Arlington, Mass.

Miss Tewksbury says she is eighteen years old, but she doesn't look sixteen. She is an attractive young woman, with a pretty face, and is well educated. Her home is in Winthrop, Mass., where she lives with her mother. Her father, Herman B. Tewksbury, it is said, has not lived with the family in a long time.

Alice had two suitors, her present husband and Arthur Culverwell, a dealer in laundry supplies. At first she didn't know which one to accept, and after keeping them both in suspense for many weeks, she invited them to call on her one night. With her mother, she met them in the parlor, and told them she would decide that evening which she would marry.

"Then," said Westlake, "Culverwell and I pleaded our causes. He spoke first, and then I pleaded. When I had finished, my wife's mother got down on her knees to Alice and pleaded for me. I wanted her to stop, but she wouldn't. Then Alice asked us if we would agree to be friends with her and each other when she decided, and we both promised. Then she came and placed her arms around my neck, and kissed me. Her mother hugged me, too, and Culverwell got angry. Mrs. Tewksbury ordered him to leave the house. Just as he went out of the door he called all the curses of hell to fall on me, and Mrs. Tewksbury ran after him. He struck her, and she threw the door mat at him as he sprang down the steps."

That night Westlake says, Alice told him that his rival had a mysterious power over her, and so they decided to get married the next day. New Year's morn-

ing Westlake saw the girl's father and obtained his verbal consent to the marriage. Then the couple went to Boston to visit Westlake's parents and to get married. At the station in Winthrop Culverwell put in an appearance and created a sensation by getting on his knees before a crowd of people and begging the girl to leave Westlake and go with him. She refused, and the couple went on to Boston. There was a stormy scene at the rectory. Westlake says that his parents objected to his getting married, and threatened to disown him if he did.

"I told them I would marry Alice if all the forces of heaven and hell were brought between us, and I have," said the young husband.

After leaving his father's house Westlake took his intended wife to the Boston city hall and applied for a marriage license. It was refused, as under the Massachusetts law a license must be obtained in the town where the bride resides. Then Westlake and the girl started for Rhode Island. They met Mrs. Jennie C. Tewksbury, Alice's sister-in-law, on the train, and together the three went to Pawtucket. When they reached there they learned that according to Rhode Island laws Alice was not of age, and could not be married without her father's consent, and so the trio went to Salem.

Wednesday they went to Attleboro, and after futile attempts to find a minister who would perform the ceremony, they went back to Rhode Island, this time going to Providence. While in that city Westlake telephoned the girl's father in Winthrop, asking him to forward his written consent to the marriage. Tewksbury calmly informed the young man that he had changed his mind about the matter, and ordered Westlake to bring the girl back to her home on the first train. Another attempt was made to find some one with authority who would marry them, but with no better success than before. The couple had started out to get married, and Westlake knew they would have no trouble in New Jersey, so they came here.

The young man had passed on the Fall River boats, but he feared pursuit, and so came to New York by rail. He had a long talk with conductor C. H. Hardy,

of the company, but before it had been here a week all New York was talking of the company as Lydia Thompson's blondes, although of the leading characters Miss Thompson and Pauline Markham were the only fair-haired ones in it. The troupe's popularity was instantaneous, and none of the dashing burlesquers was more popular than Pauline Markham. The young English girl—she was then only 18 years old—was not only a beauty but she had a dashing style and a quick wit that soon made her a queen of the stage set. In those days that set included many men of wealth and brains and wit, who made their friends among the best and most talented actors and actresses. It was one of these, Richard Grant White, who made Pauline Markham famous in a phrase.

"She has a voice of velvet and the lost arms of the Venus de Milo," he wrote.

Had there been freak agents in those days that phrase would have been in big print all over the city, but the public took it up; it was bandied from mouth to mouth, and thereafter wherever the young actress went she found that the terse description had preceded her. In those days burlesque held the same place that opera bouffe now holds, and "Ixion," as given by Lydia Thompson's company at Wood's Museum, now Daly's Theatre, was the rage. From there it went to Niblo's Garden, where it ran for two months to tremendous houses. On the western circuit, and in fact all over the country, the same success attended the troupe, and no

hair that made her the most prominent of Lydia Thompson's blondes, and wonderfully bright eyes. In manner she is rather American than English, but her pronunciation of the word "been," for instance, tells of her English birth just as surely as her use of the idiom "quite some" shows her American training. She readily told of her varied life.

"They say that we stage people never know enough to put by for a rainy day," said she, "and it has certainly been true in my case. If I had now all that I have wasted, or a small part of it, I should not be depending on my friends. And I have been cheated out of money, too. Lawyers, you know—but that isn't what you want to know, is it? You want to know about my life. Well, I was educated for the stage in England, and came over here with Lydia Thompson, and for a few years my life was all gayety and success, and I lived it up as one drinks up a glass of champagne."

Miss Markham told of her life here when she was with Lydia Thompson, and afterward with the "Black Crook."

"Then I went South," she continued, "with my own company, in burlesque, and we played in New Orleans for two months. There I met Gen. M. B. V. MacMahon, who followed me to New York to marry me. We were married, and his father, a rich banker in Galveston, failed soon after. He was ruined. We went to London, and there my husband died, leaving me nothing. Our son is now living in London. America, where I had been so successful, occurred to me as being my best resource, so I came back and went to Cincinnati to take the part of *Ralph Rackstraw* in 'Pinafore.' It is a tenor part, of course, but my voice then was of great range, and I could sing the part all right. I also took charge of the music and selected the orchestra for the piece, for I had had thorough musical training. Afterward I sang *Josephine* in 'Pinafore.' I don't suppose many others have been both hero and heroine in an opera. Then we went West, and I had a delightful time in Arizona, where I knew all the military people, and where I stayed for a few months resting.

After that I came back to New York and to my old part as *Stalacta* in the 'Black Crook,' this time with the Kralfys, but I soon saw that the best days of burlesque had passed, and that it had no more a hold on the first-class theatres.

"So I decided to go into drama. I went in a summer company, in which was Randolph Murray. We were married, and four years ago we were divorced. No particular reason; just tired of each other, I suppose. We are still friendly enough when we meet. Before our divorce we had had luck with a comedy, and lost a lot of money, as we then had our own company. I was penniless when my husband left me, and went with the 'Night Owls' company. When my engagement with that was over, I went out with 'Her Husband,' a very good sort of play, and in Louisville fell into an excavation and broke my leg. I sued for \$10,000, and got a verdict for \$4,000. The case is now before the Court of Appeals and heaven only knows when I'll get my money. In the meantime I'm living here on the kindness of my friends. I've tried to get a place, but everything seems to be full, and I can't find anything.

"I can see," continued Miss Markham sadly, "how the times pass one. People don't know me any more. They know my name, but not me. Not long ago I sat in a car and heard two middle-aged men discuss me. Both had seen me in the gala days of the old 'Black Crook.' One insisted that I was dead, while the other maintained that I had left the stage and was living in a place in England which I had bought. The managers don't know me, either. And most of my friends are dead. Jim Flisk was a good friend to me, and when he was killed it was a great blow, for he was going to put me on on a grand scale at the Grand Opera House. John Stetson, too, was a friend of mine until we quarreled over some trifle. Now I am left almost alone. I can't sing now, for taking speaking parts so long I have neglected my singing voice, but I am as capable of work as ever, and willing to do it, if only I can keep myself from being a burden on my friends."

SHE HELD THE FORT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Consolidated Traction Company of Jersey City, N. J., which has been setting up poles for a trolley car line, was given an argument the other afternoon by Miss Minnie Clapross. She ordered the workmen of the company to desist from setting poles on the street opposite land belonging to her family. They laughed and went on with their work. After watching them a minute Miss Clapross turned around and jumped into the hole, exclaiming:

"Now, let's see you put that pole up here!"

The men stood back amazed, and the crowd of bystanders which had by this time gathered cheered enthusiastically. The hole was about four feet deep, and Miss Clapross is small and slender. Only her head, with its snapping black eyes, and the upper part of her shoulders could be seen above the pavement. As soon as the noise had subsided she turned her head around and beckoning to a young lad, told him calmly to go and tell her brother that he must send some one to fill in the hole.

"And mind now," she concluded, "don't you tell him what I've done."

This happened about 9 o'clock in the morning, and until nearly 3 o'clock in the afternoon the little woman's head was seen above the pavement, her eyes glaring defiantly at the company's workmen and her head nodding approval as she saw the other property owners and residents successfully putting a stop to the work.

JOHN R. KERBY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Private John R. Kerby stands at the head of Troop I, of the Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., a troop that has acquired much praise. At the battle of Pine Ridge and Drexel Mission, Private Kerby earned a reputation for courage and intrepid nerve, for which he has been subsequently noted in the regiment.

GAY LIFE IN PARIS.

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He Was Much Infatuated.

who lives at 154 East Forty-ninth street, New York, to whom he told his story. The couple went to Plainfield and at once sought the residence of Dean Rodman, who united them in marriage, according to Episcopal ritual. After eating their wedding dinner the young couple came to Elizabeth, N. J.

Westlake says he expects to go to Chicago and begin business there, if he can persuade his uncle, Dr. J. H. Turner, a surgical instrument maker of Boston, to assist him.

"If he don't help me," Westlake said, as he bade the reporter goodbye, "Alice and I will try to make a living in another way. If we don't, we will starve together."

Hard times in the theatrical business have affected all classes of public entertainers from the variety stage dancer to the star. Here is Pauline Markham, who had all New York at her feet in the days when burlesque was a novelty, subsisting on the charity of her friends in a Brooklyn boarding house, and trying in vain to find a place on the stage where she can earn enough to support herself.

There will be few of the young bucks of twenty years ago to whom the name Pauline Markham will not bring back recollections of the beautiful blonde girl who came over from England in '69 with Lydia Thompson. Lydia Thompson's burlesque troupe was the real name

HER LOVE HER RUIN.

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one, not even Miss Thompson herself, was more popular than Pauline Markham as *Venus*. Back to Niblo's they went, welcomed by all the glided youth of the city. After a long run of "Ixion," Miss Markham left Lydia Thompson, going to the "Black Crook" company. Here her success was as instantaneous as it had been in the burlesque, and in *Stalacta* she had even more admirers than she had as *Venus*.

In this company were Bonfanti, the dancer; Bessie Ludlow, Lizzie Kelsey, Mrs. Wright, Charles Morton and Ben Maginley. The piece was put on by Jarrett & Palmer with a magnificence said never to have been exceeded in any production since. At this time Pauline Markham was living on East Fifteenth street in beautiful apartments. There she entertained lavishly. Among her friends who used to come there was Miss Harland, of Lydia Thompson's troupe, now Mrs. Brander Matthews, wife of the author. Miss Markham also knew Brander Matthews through Richard Grant White, who was for many years an intimate friend of hers. While she was in the "Black Crook" she acquired a fine collection of diamonds, and one night she came on the stage wearing all her rings. So many did she have that her fingers and thumbs of both hands were completely covered by them, and the action of her hands was so impeded that she could scarcely hold her wand. For five years Miss Markham was with the "Black Crook," and then she went south and out of the gay world of which she had been the queen regent. She never reappeared in that character.

When a reporter called to see her in a Lawrence street boarding house he found a woman who, despite the marks which a stage life of twenty years had left on her face, is very attractive. She still has the curly light



A TRIO OF STAGE BEAUTIES.

IT IS COMPOSED OF PRETTY DOROTHY DREW, SHAPELY LILY POST AND CLEVER LILLIAN LEWIS.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

SHE INDIGNANTLY INSISTED THAT HER DOG SHOULD RIDE IN A TROLLEY CAR. AT NEWARK, N. J.



ELOPED IN A SLEIGH.

A GIDDY YOUNG BELLE JILTS ONE SUITOR AND RUNS AWAY WITH ANOTHER, AT MT. OLIVET, KY.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

A Millionaire Locked Up Nearly Thirty Years Ago.

WHO IS MRS. WEBSTER ROSS.

A Veiled Woman is Making Efforts to Have the Prisoner Released.

SOME QUEER POINTS OF THE CASE.

The litigation in which the insane Newport, R. I., millionaire, William H. King, is the central figure, is one of the most remarkable cases that have been before the courts in recent years. King is at present incarcerated in the Butler Hospital for the Insane in Providence, R. I. It is twenty-nine years since he was declared unsafe to be at large, and was deprived of his liberty.

William Henry King came of an old Newport family, being a brother of the late David King, Dr. Edward King and George Gordon King. In early life he went to China, where, with one of his brothers, he was successful and amassed a large fortune while he was still a young man. Then he returned, to enjoy all the pleasures that his wealth could procure in civilized society. His family connections were such as to afford him access to the highest social circles of that period. He had a handsome villa opposite the Ocean House, on Newport's famed Bellevue avenue, where he kept bachelor's hall on a lavish scale.

King traveled extensively on the Continent and had many escapades, which attracted attention to his eccentricities. On his return to this country he roved about, enjoying in full measure the opportunities for fastidious pleasures afforded in his native land. All the while his relatives were considering the necessity of placing him under restraint. There was a bit of romance in the closing period of his career as a free man. He was about to wed a woman at Troy, N. Y., when his relatives took decisive steps, which resulted in his being committed to a lunatic asylum. There is a dramatic story of his being torn away from the bride at the steps of the altar, to be borne to a madhouse, but careful investigation fails to verify this popular narrative of the man's arrest. This was in 1866, and as there was not then a hospital in this State where a patient of wealth might have as luxurious a life as was possible at the McLean Asylum, in Somerville, Mass., he was committed to that institution. He remained there until May, 1894, when he was brought to the Butler Hospital, the finest institution of the kind in the country.

During the long years of Mr. King's incarceration in the McLean Asylum his brothers George Gordon King and Edward King, and his nephew, David King, all now dead, successively acted as his guardians, all being in turn appointed by the Probate Court of Newport.

In August, 1893, Mrs. A. E. Webster Ross, a person unknown to the family of Mr. King, sued out a writ of habeas corpus in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and asked for Mr. King's release on the ground of irregularity in the commitment, and that he was being illegally detained. This Court appointed ex-Governor John D. Long, of Massachusetts, to report as to the mental condition of Mr. King, and whether it was for his interest to be removed. Governor Long reported that Mr. King was insane, in an advanced stage of dementia and incapable of caring for himself. The petition was dismissed and Mr. King remanded to the hospital. This decision was afterward confirmed by the full bench of the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

An attempt was then made to get possession of Mr. King's body by a writ of personal replevin, authorized under an old statute that dates back to the period of the Fugitive Slave law. This proceeding was stopped by an injunction from the Massachusetts Supreme Court. It was about that time Mr. King was transferred to the Butler Hospital.

Under a law providing that a person confined in an insane asylum may have as a legal representative one designated as "next friend," Caleb Eaton, of Boston, who was allied with Mrs. Ross, was appointed.

After the death of David King, about a year ago, a petition was filed in the Probate Court of Newport praying for the appointment of George Gordon King, another nephew, as guardian. Hearings were had and the petition was granted. Subsequently an appeal was filed. Mrs. Ross was the promoter of the proposed contest, as in all of the tedious and expensive litigation that preceded this action. She was aided by Caleb Eaton, "the next friend." During several months the case appeared in the Supreme Courts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island on various motions and counter actions. In September last the King family filed a motion in the Rhode Island Supreme Court asking for the removal of Caleb Eaton as next friend on the ground that he was incapable because of physical disability, he being paralytic. It was asserted that he served only to advance the plans of Mrs. Ross, whose motives were shrouded in mystery. Before this motion was fully heard Caleb Eaton died. Then Mrs. A. E. Webster Ross filed a motion to be made a party to the case.

This gave the King family their first good opportunity for an effort to make Mrs. Ross show her hand. For years she had been a mystery. She had attracted attention in Newport and elsewhere in searching court records. Who she was and what her motive was could not be discovered. She had an apparently abundant supply of funds and had expended considerable cash in the

persistent pursuit of her purpose, but just what her interest in the matter was she kept to herself. She seemed to have no fixed place of abode, and long continued efforts to establish her identity were fruitless.

When she asked to be made a party to the case the other side asked the Court to require her to show that she was entitled to recognition as a party to the cause. She made declarations that she, and not George Gordon King, was next of kin to W. H. King.

But her attorneys said that it would be seriously prejudicial to her interests to disclose the information demanded at that time. She filed voluminous declarations in which it was asserted that Mr. King was not insane at the time of his incarceration.

DUEL TO THE DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A fatal duel was fought in Nelson's barroom, corner of Claiborne and Connor streets, at New Orleans, La., between James Cook, a well-known character and ward politician, and Charles Hudnall, employed in the Tax Bureau of the City Hall. The trouble grew out of Cook's improper relations with Hudnall's seventeen-year-old daughter.

Cook was in the barroom with several friends and was in the act of taking a drink when Hudnall entered with a pistol in his hand. Without saying a word Hudnall began firing. Cook leisurely put down his glass, and, drawing his revolver, began to shoot. Cook fired four shots and Hudnall fired five.

When the shooting ceased both men were found to be dead. Cook was shot twice, receiving a bullet in the leg and one through the heart. Hudnall was shot once through the brain. H. G. Miller, one of Cook's friends,

plates until he gave up a part of his money. Not being satisfied with the amount the thieves compelled the old man to sit on the top of the stove, and after three applications of such treatment he gave up all the money he had, \$1,400, the greater part of it being gold that he hoarded for years. The victim will recover.

GIRLS PLAY LACROSSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Hills, the director of physical culture at Wellesley College, at Boston, Mass., is always on the lookout for sports which can be engaged in by young ladies, and her latest idea is to introduce lacrosse into her college. She has invited the manager of the Harvard lacrosse team to consult with her as to the advisability of making this move.

She thinks there is no reason why young ladies of athletic inclination should not play this excellent game. It is free from all those jabs and shocks which pervade football, it gives plenty of free activity and healthy excitement for players and spectators alike, and is perfectly dignified.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a flurry of excitement at the corner of Broad and Market streets, in Newark, N. J., and in front of the Fourth precinct police station the other afternoon. The cause of it was a beautiful young woman and a dog. The young woman wanted to get on board the car with the dog, and the conductor objected.

She appealed to Officer Ben Knapp, and he persuaded the conductor to let the young woman and dog board the car.

She rode to the "Hill" and got off the car. The con-

ductor warned her that such a thing should not occur again.

WALKED INTO HER DRESSING-ROOM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Defiant as Ajax could have been, young Mr. Darlington walked into the stage entrance of Abbey's Theatre, in New York city, one night last week, and invaded the dressing-room of one of the actresses of the Kendal company. And when the managerial lightning descended upon him, this Ajax defied it. He looked as dignified as a man could whose collar had dragged its bow anchor and whose necktie had slipped its moorings. His hat, too, had shifted its ballast, and his feet were going on dead reckoning.

"Gem'men, so'm I," he remarked, "s'm'y miah s'e'l visit. Want see e'rybody."

He said that after big Policeman Barry got hold of him and conducted him to a prominent club house known as the Thirtieth street police station. Frank Darlington, who calls himself that because his real name is Mangan and because he is an "actor-gent," went into the lobby of the theatre, seeing men as trees walking. He asked for the assistant ticket-seller, whom he knew slightly, and looked him over carefully.

"Giz us a'ball, barkeep," he said, as he leaned against the rail in front of the onyx-faced ticket office. "By gee, got more checks there than balls. Blazes wis check."

Then with an uneasy gait he went into the street. It was about 10 o'clock and the second act of "Lady Clan-carty" was on. As he walked he saw a well-dressed young man whom he had met somewhere, and he hailed him with enthusiasm.

"Come an' see show, ole fel," he yelled. "Greatest show on eith. Madge and Willie and doosed pretty gals."

And the young man, being nothing loath, went with young Mr. Darlington. The twain found their way to the stage door. There a change came over Darlington. He threw out his chest, buttoned his overcoat and took on a "bromo-selzer, soda cocktail" sobriety. He smoothed out the wrinkles in his coat, passed the door-keeper with a nod and an easy wave of the hand. The other man followed in his wake. Then the warm air of the theatre struck Darlington, his legs gave out and he wobbled and plunged about the hallway. He tried to open the door leading to the stage. Instead, he fell heavily against the door of Miss Florence Crowell's dressing room. He blew his breath against it and entered. There was no one there. Darlington was doing some expert juggling with cosmetics, slippers and hand mirrors when Miss Crowell entered and looked upon the man with a freezing stare.

"To whom am I indebted," she said, "for this most unwarrantable intrusion? You will oblige me by releasing your hold upon those toilet accessories and by immediately quitting this apartment."

At least she said something as severe as that, for Darlington and his friend looked very much abashed when the doorkeeper and some stage hands came and hustled them out of there.

"No 'trusion, Miss," said the genial Darlington. "Soshul visit, that's all. By by."

Then stage hands and carpenters and scene shifters fell upon that man and would have smote him hard, but Miss Crowell smiled sweetly and said: "Don't hurt him. He's been drinking, poor fellow."

However the young man's necktie and collar were considerably disarranged by the time the employees got through with him. He was handed over to policeman Barry.

"Jus' came to see lady," he said, in explanation of his conduct. He was searched then and there, and nothing was found upon him but a large supply of pawn tickets. These avuncular pledges were returned to him and he was taken to the house of green lamps.

His companion, who was identified by some as a very respectable man, explained that he supposed that Darlington had invited him to go to the theatre, and that he had no intention of going into a dressing room. His explanation was satisfactory to Manager Horace McVickar, and he was released. Darlington, whose real name is Mangan, comes of a good family. His father was a wealthy importer of linens. The young man once had money. He had a small part in Walter Sanford's "Youth" company. At the Jefferson Market Police Court no one appeared against him. He said that he did not know what he had done, as he had been under the influence of drink. He was fined \$5.

NOT IN THE ACT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

As Miss Nina Harrington was giving her specialty, "The Bowery Girl," in the farce of "Later On," at Heuck's Theatre, in Cincinnati, O., she met with a mishap, which was the hit of the show. Her skirt came off as she was dancing, and the display of striped stockings and white ruffles was astounding. The audience howled with mirth, while the lady retired for repairs. Many ladies and all the newspaper men present blushed.

H. J. HAGEN-OVERBYE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

H. J. Hagen-Overbye is a Norwegian skater of much ability. He is at present in this country, where he has been very successful in a number of tournaments. His picture appears elsewhere in this issue.

Frank Stevenson, Jake Kilrain's old backer, in a recent interview had this to say of the Baltimore boxer: "Jake never looked better and is making plenty of money in the hotel business and does not need to fight. But, of course, when it comes to a pinch he will get into the ring and shut up some of those talkative fighters who have been challenging him the last month. I am always ready to back him, as I still think there is a good fight in him. Jake was speaking of going to England. He might try to get on a fight with Paddy Slavin across the water."

GENUINELY FRENCH!

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He Had Many Escapades.

was slightly wounded. Cook was looked upon as a desperate character, having killed Bob Desposito eight years ago near the same place where the former was killed.

AN INSANE WOMAN'S ACT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. William Flint in a fit of despondency at the residence of her mother-in-law at Utica, N. Y., leveled a revolver at her husband and fired four shots at him without warning. Three of the shots took effect, and Flint fell on the floor mortally wounded.

Then the woman fired two shots at Flint's mother, one of the bullets striking her in the breast and the other in the arm. Though seriously wounded, Mrs. Flint will recover.

Mrs. Flint says she was forced to the deed because of the constant interference of her mother-in-law in the affairs of the family. She was placed under arrest, but her mental condition is such that it was deemed advisable by the authorities to send her to an insane hospital.

Flint was about twenty-three years of age, and his wife is ten years his senior and the mother of two children by a former husband. Flint married her six weeks ago in Binghamton, N. Y.

SAT HIM ON A HOT STOVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The police have been working for a week to discover the perpetrators of a horrible outrage, which became public for the first time, not long ago. William Florey, aged 72, lives alone on a little farm just east of Decatur, Ill., and on Sunday night, December 23, his place was visited by three masked men, who built a fire in a cook stove and held the old man's hands on the red-hot

A FATAL SIN.

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STRONG GOTHAM GIRLS.

Feminine Athletics Transferred
Now to the Gymnasiums.

GAMES TO IMPROVE HEALTH.

Basket Ball and Hand Ball Are Popular
and the Girls Bicycle Indoors.

WHERE THE MAIDENS EXERCISE.

As she swings along with easy grace and glowing cheeks, the athletic girl is one of the delights of a morning walk on Fifth avenue these crisp winter days. The old-timers all say that the New York girl of 1895 is bigger and healthier than the girls they knew when they were boys. But what is still more important to the feminine mind is the fact that she is also more beautiful. Any doctor will tell you that you cannot improve your health without also improving your appearance, and with proper care your health will begin to improve in forty-eight hours. Women can improve their health more easily than men, for the reason that it is not, as a rule, so robust, and leaves more room for improvement.

There are some queer results of the invasion by young women of the athletic field. Eligible bachelors are selecting their wives from among this class. Physical strength in a woman attracts rather than frightens men. Some people think that a girl's capacity to ride thirty miles on a bicycle, to swing Indian clubs and to punch a bag makes her strong-minded; that muscle makes her masculine and lung power loquacious. This has been found to be a mistake. The up-to-date athletic girl who patronizes the gymnasiums that are now numerous and fashionable is not a blue-stocking, although her stockings are often blue. She is essentially feminine. She does not as a rule want to vote, and the desire to command or govern, except in her own proper province, is furthest from her thoughts.

Athletic exercise, it has been found by the New York girl, increases her capacity for enjoyment of life. She is capable of greater social activity, can dance more and with greater zest than her sisters who spend the time in parlors and boudoirs, and her sense of pleasure to be extracted from the affairs of daily life is stimulated both mentally and physically.

Every healthy girl needs occupation, and there is none so beneficial as that which strengthens her muscles, builds up her physique and prepares her for the years to come when neither time nor occupation makes daily exercise possible. The restless activity which all properly constituted young people exhibit like the play of kittens—nature is only manifesting the need of mental and bodily exercise at the time of life when mind and body are in process of formation.

Here in New York athletics for women have had the advantage of being inaugurated under powerful social auspices. It is "the proper thing" for a girl to know all about and be interested in sports like tennis, golf and football. She must sympathize with the devotee of the rod and gun and show more familiarity with the simple pleasures derived from yachting, canoeing and exploration.

Many a young woman has made powerful social friends in this city through the gymnasium. While she cannot ride into society on a wheel, she may make useful acquaintances in the handball court. More than one of the gymnasiums existing in this city for girls are in greater or less degree under the patronage of women well known in society. A large number of the girls who use these gymnasiums have wide acquaintance and influential family connections. Working girls are encouraged at these gymnasiums; evening classes have been formed for their benefit. No one can doubt the good work which is thus being accomplished. A few months of thorough training in a gymnasium is worth a dozen years of indulgence in what is called "the higher education." Girls of sense are finding out that the sound sleep, clear complexion and physical happiness which result from good health are better than any knowledge of dead languages or acquaintances with cults and isms. Men are not marrying maidens for their minds so much as for their character and disposition, which are altogether moulded by their physical qualities.

It has recently been discovered that the four-post beds of colonial days are all too short. This proves that men and women are growing taller. Men have been leading in the race for physical development, but now that women have entered the field things will be evened up. Future generations would probably be bigger and healthier and longer lived than the present were it possible to compel everybody to take gymnastic exercise.

At the New York gymnasiums for women the games and exercises are all of a nature to best develop their strength with uniformity. There is very little violent exercise such as men indulge in. Handball is one of the games just now in vogue. It resembles lawn tennis in the fact that it does not require violent use of the muscles while exciting to great activity. It is an excellent cold-weather game and it trains the eye as well as the lungs and muscles. The rings and the horizontal bars are also freely used and in some cases are especially prescribed. These exercises invariably develop the chest measurement. The women and girls who have been riding bicycles in such numbers during the present year need not stop because of snow and ice and cold. Indoor tracks are provided for them. This exercise, however, it has been found, ought to be accompanied by others to counteract the tendency to develop certain muscles unduly.

The number of girls attending the gymnasiums in this city is now greater than ever before and the thousands who have passed through the schools in most instances keep up the exercise. The old word "calisthenics," at

first used to designate these exercises, has been dropped and they are now bluntly described in fashionable circles as "getting up muscle."

Men are no longer compelled to confine their talks about games and exercises to other men. The modern girl is fully conversant with the vernacular of the gymnasium. She strives to excel her sisters in games requiring quickness and skill, and her physical strength and powers of endurance are put to as severe a test as those of men.

These gymnasium indulgences take place with the open encouragement of the family physician. They only affect him by loss of practice, as there are fewer sick headaches to cure, but the medical profession is unanimous on the subject, except in those rare cases where gymnastics are carried to excess. The bicycle craze of the past summer has, it is believed, greatly added to the number of girls now daily exercising in this city.

Already the facilities at hand for feminine gymnastics are severely taxed and the erection of new gymnasiums is contemplated. But at the present time thousands of girls can daily exercise in the buildings erected for the purpose in New York, and a tour of the gymnasiums shows that these opportunities are being eagerly taken advantage of.

At one of the uptown physical culture institutes classes for working girls have been opened this year. The applications for membership have been numerous. The director said recently: "The theory and practice in all the departments of the institution will be identical for women, except that the expense for the evening classes will be one-third of the usual fee."



Pretty Feminine Athletes.

The increase in athletics for women has been very marked within the past few years, and there is no evidence that the general interest in any of the departments is abating. Four hundred women and girls through the winter and spring daily devote several hours to a prescribed physical training here.

At this institution an original idea has been the construction of a cage for baseball and cricket. The players are inclosed in a net, so that practice can be indulged in all winter. Another new idea is an apparatus called the Swedish Plint, for localizing exercise. Grace is an attainment so much sought by the young ladies that they are finding in the swinging, swaying movements necessary to the manipulation of this new invention great freedom of muscular action.

With the same aim in view, and as an element of recreation, the girls are becoming proficient in hand ball. It requires light and beautiful action as well as a quick eye to watch the ball as it is beaten down and back with the palm of the hand between a high board background and the floor.

In dark blue Turkish costumes, with black hose and low shoes, and brightened by a touch of scarlet trimming, the girls enjoy every opportunity for freedom and unconfined physical liberty. They are disciplined only where any sign of unwomanly deportment betrays itself. The privileges of the institute, which all members enjoy, include a swimming and bathing depart-

ment. The rope drill is popular among the girls. It consists in twining a large coil of rope over and around the arms and waist, and stretching it into various angles, to the rhythm of music.

The classes at the Berkeley Ladies' Club, in West Forty-fourth street, are under the management of Dr. Mary Bissell, assisted by Miss Elliott and Miss Porter, who were students of Dr. Sargent, of Cambridge, Mass. The club is known as the home of every luxury appertaining to athletics. Its beautifully appointed bathing-rooms, swimming tank, reading rooms and gymnasium are the product of wealth and good taste.

An innovation upon the ordinary club rules has this term been made. The feature of the year is to be cycling, and large classes are to be held, giving an opportunity to outsiders, properly presented, to participate in instruction by expert cyclists.

The members have decided to adopt the divided skirt. Any close-fitting bodice in harmony with the skirt will be proper. The Berkeley ladies set the fashion of black hose and low shoes, and that custom still obtains. They will use the wheels on the gymnasium floor.

Miss Porter, who has been taking special lessons at Dr. Sargent's during the summer in diving and fancy-stroke swimming, will make a specialty of this feature.

In the gymnasium a new scarf drill and basket ball, the game said to indicate above others disposition and

temperament, will be among the favorites. Basket ball consists in the skillful depositing of a ball in a basket at opposite ends of the gymnasium. It calls for light, swift exercise and coolness. Any excited thrust, any display of over-eagerness or ill-nature counts three for the opposing side, while the ball in the basket only counts one.

Over in Brooklyn, at the Adelphi Academy, Physical Director Pettit, who succeeded Dr. Anderson, now medical director at Yale, is in charge. Dr. Pettit said: "The pursuit of health as a feature of the curriculum is carried to the point this year of making the course in physical training compulsory. One thousand pupils are daily performing in the classes, and 260 taking the advanced course of physical development in the gymnasium."

An original feature is in course of development in the way of an open air playing field. A large piece of ground has been secured and is being at present inclosed by a high board fence. Here on fine crisp days the young women in appropriate costume will pursue the same line of athletics now confined in most institutions to the gymnasiums. This institution is the first to make athletics compulsory, and the first to introduce an open gymnasium for women. Their days of work will alternate with those of the young men.

"Our girls are especially enthusiastic over basket ball," said Dr. Pettit. "From 1:40 to 4:30 P. M. daily the gymnasium work is graded according to the physical status of the students. We grade our classes in squads of eight into five departments, and during winter to stimulate interest in special lines of work have contests. The best all-round athletes from the five classes are chosen to contest for a championship."

Another new feature of athletics has originated here in the introduction of medical cards of exercise, somewhat similar to the dietary cards in hospitals. After a medical examination the student is given a card indicating the kind and amount of exercise he or she is to take daily. If at the end of a month an improvement is noted the work is continued. If there is no improvement the work is changed. Thus, a complete record is kept throughout the course.

The costumes are dark blue, with white trimmings, Turkish trousers with blouses, and the regulation dark hose and low shoes. Dr. Pettit is assisted by Miss Flagler and Mr. Safford.

SLAPPED BY A LADY PROFESSOR
[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] College circles in Greencastle, Ind., are excited over the fact that Miss Druly, a lady professor, slapped the cheeks of Prof. Walter Jones before an audience. Miss Druly and Mr. Jones differed regarding the programme for a musical recital at the Depauw School of Music, which is conducted by Prof. Belle Mansfield. The audience assembled and Miss Druly called the name of one of the performers. Prof. Jones ordered her to keep her seat. Miss Druly called the name again, and after a warm discussion, during which Mrs. Mansfield tried to effect peace, Miss Druly slapped Prof. Jones. Jones then took Miss Druly by the shoulders and pushed her out of the room. There is much talk of one of the two leaving the institution, but the management does not want to lose either.

A TRIO OF STAGE BEAUTIES.
[WITH PORTRAITS.] Three handsome and clever women shed lustre on our theatrical page this week. They are Dorothy Drew, Lily Post, and Lillian Lewis. Miss Drew is a graceful dancer; Miss Post is a prima donna of some renown; while Miss Lewis has achieved success in emotional roles.

G. KOEGEL AND F. THOERNER.
[WITH PORTRAITS.] To circle the globe on foot is the object of two sturdy young Germans who tramped into Hoboken a few days ago, having left San Francisco a little more than six months ago. They undertook the feat to win a wager of \$10,000, the terms being that they should start without money, weapons, watch or compass, and should reach the point of their departure within two years. The stipulation regarding the carrying of weapons only applied to this continent, and it was agreed that the journey should be performed strictly on foot, rivers, railroad tunnels and voyages by sea being excepted. For funds en route they were expected to depend on the sale of their photographs and on their wits, and so well have they succeeded financially that they reached Hoboken with funds amply sufficient to defray their expenses to the continent of Europe, where they will resume their tramp.

The two plucky pedestrians are Fred Thoenner, an artist and glider, and Gus Koegel, whose trade is that of a tailor. Koegel walked from New York to San Francisco last year, but the present venture is his comrade's first pedestrian experience. They started from San Francisco on the morning of June 10 last, carrying each a light gripsack, and followed the line of the Union and Central Pacific railroads to Nebraska City. Thence their route was via Hannibal, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg and Philadelphia to Hoboken, which they reached more than two weeks ahead of time. They called at the POLICE GAZETTE and Richard K. Fox will present each of them with a handsome gold medal at the completion of their trip.

JOHN J. McLAUGHLIN.
[WITH PORTRAIT.] John J. McLaughlin, of Columbia, Pa., the champion bicyclist of the world, on Dec. 18 rode an unpaced mile in 1 minute 21 seconds, beating all world's records for that distance over the Granville Pike. It was the fastest mile ever propelled by human being. The time is next to that of a passenger engine.

He rode a Stearns wheel, manufactured by E. C. Stearns & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., which company now holds 38 world's records; weight of wheel, 20 pounds; gear, 68. McLaughlin was entered in the late Madison Square Garden races, but his manager and trainer, Mr. Frank Shilow, would not let him ride, owing to the unsafe condition of the track. McLaughlin will follow the steps of Arthur A. Zimmerman, the retired bicyclist, and will no doubt make the boys hustle next season. His age is twenty-four; height, 5 feet 8½ inches, and weight 161 pounds. Besides being a great bicyclist, he is a good swimmer, runner, long-distance walker, and in fact an all-round athlete. He is an honest rider in all his races, and his future looks bright. He is well liked as a gentleman by all racing men who ever competed with him.

PAUL DRESSER.
[WITH PORTRAIT.] Paul Dresser, the comedian and song writer, who is playing the German saloon-keeper, and is incidentally a power in Tammany politics in the big farce-comedy success of the season, "A Green Goods Man," has written any number of popular songs, both comic and sentimental. Paul has been before the public so long as a mirth provoker that his sentimental side is not so well known, but it is not to his discredit when it is said that he possesses as big a heart and as much sentimentality as a sixteen-year-old school miss. His songs have reached the heart of the public, and have been sung and whistled in every public place in the country. It is one of Paul's boasts that every song he writes is taken from life, and tells some incident, which has actually occurred to himself and friends.

EDWARD B. KELLY.
[WITH PORTRAIT.] Chief of Police Edward B. Kelly, of Summit, N. J., has been connected with the police force of that place for the past twelve years, during which time he has made several remarkable captures. He is thirty-five years of age, fully six feet in height, of commanding appearance, and is well liked by his fellow townsmen.

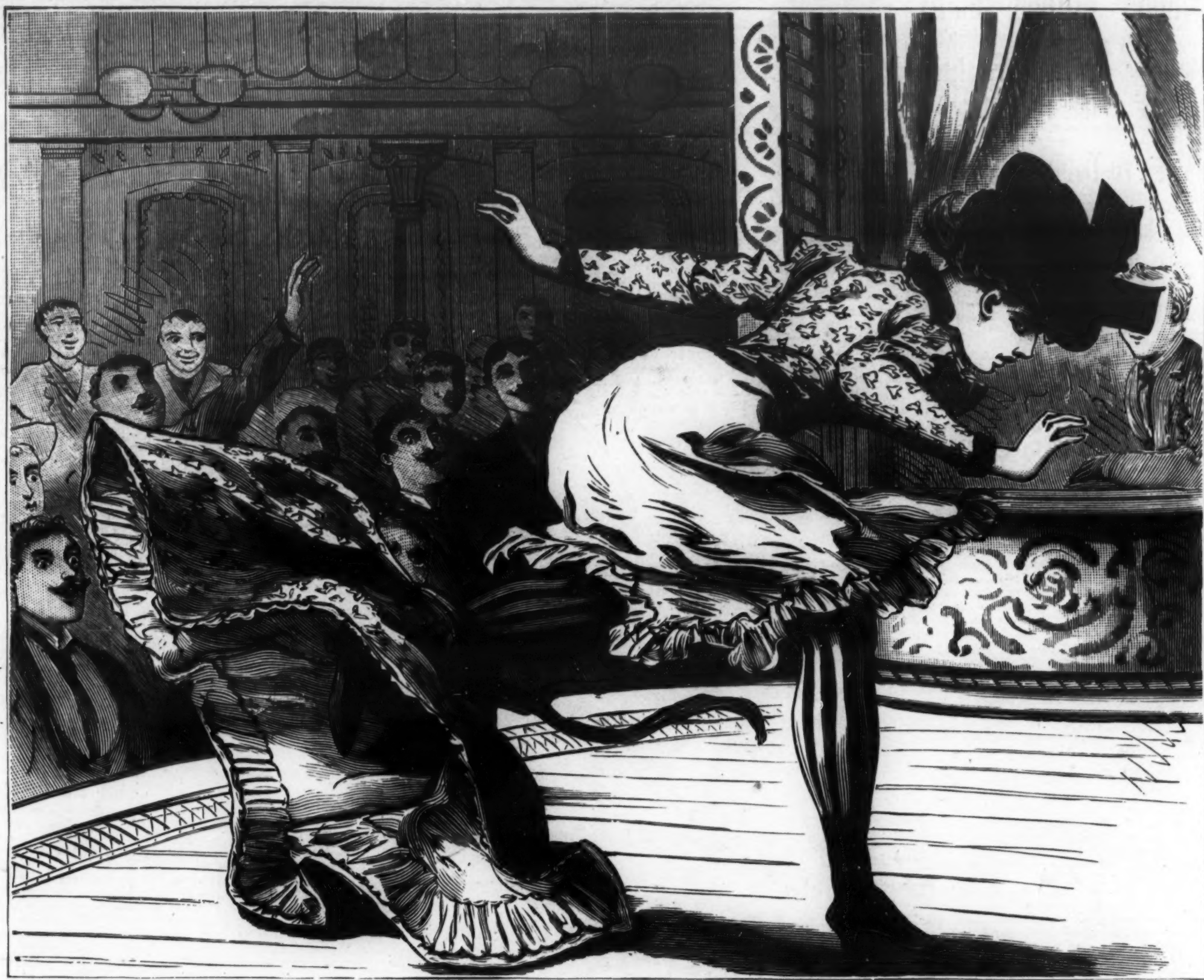
SHERMAN WILSON.
[WITH PORTRAIT.] Sherman Wilson has just entered the athletic field, in which he promises to shine to great advantage. He weighs 185 pounds, is six feet high and has a magnificent physique. Mr. Wilson's picture appears in this issue.

JACK MAHONEY.
[WITH PORTRAIT.] Jack Mahoney hails from Galveston, Texas. He is a good boxer and scientific fighter. On Oct. 1, 1894, he fought a good battle with Bob Ahearn at the above city. His picture appears on our sporting page.

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NOT IN THE ACT.

NINA HARRINGTON MEETS WITH A MISHAP WHILE PLAYING IN "LATER ON," AT CINCINNATI, O.



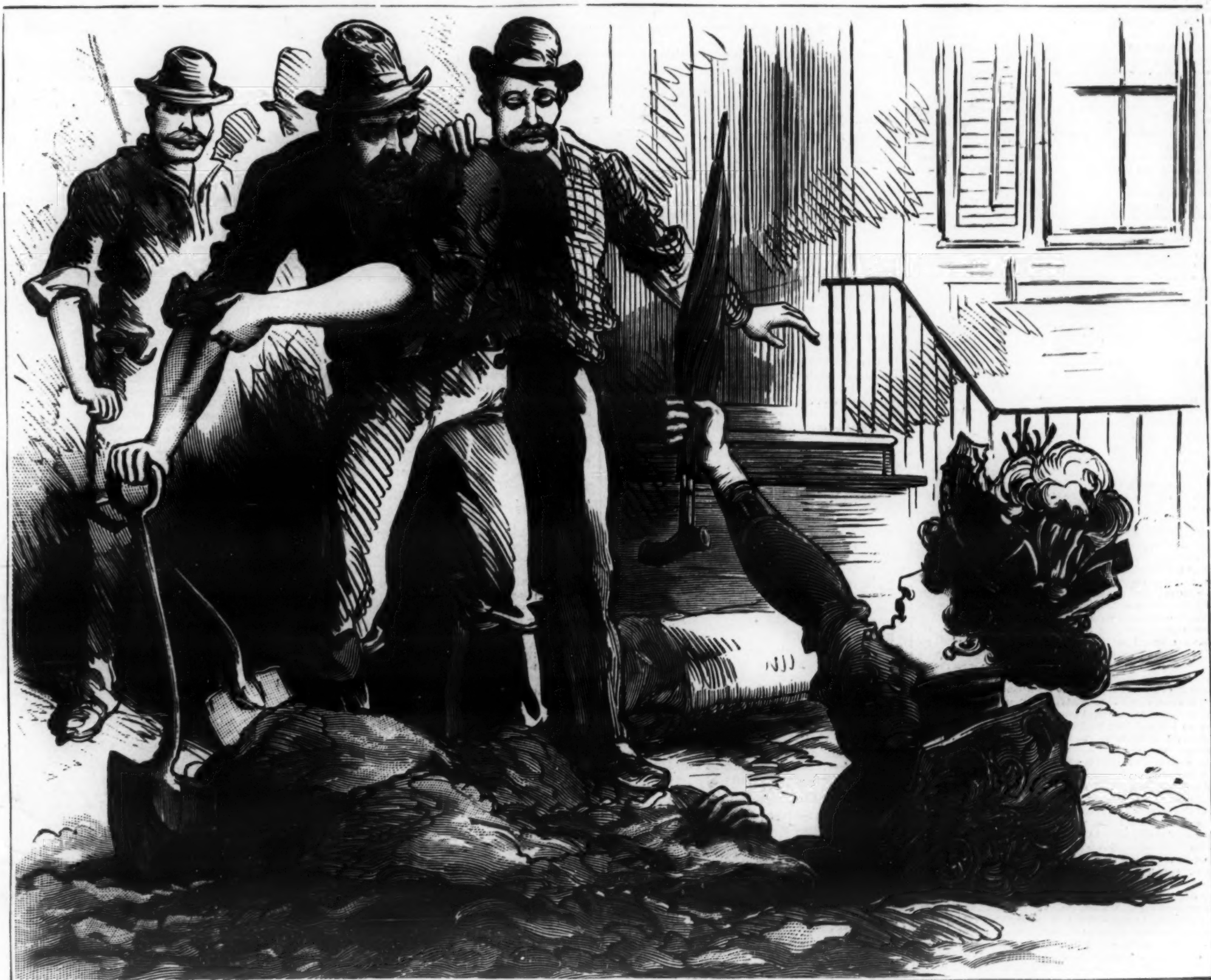
SAT HIM ON A HOT STOVE.

MASKED MEN TORTURE WILLIAM FLOREY UNTIL HE RELINQUISHES HIS WEALTH, AT DECATUR, ILL.



AN INSANE WOMAN'S ACT.

A YOUNG BRIDE KILLS HER HUSBAND AND THEN SHOOTS HER MOTHER-IN-LAW, AT UTICA, N. Y.



SHE HELD THE FORT.

FOR HOURS SHE DEFIED THE POLE RAISERS OF A POWERFUL CORPORATION, AT JERSEY CITY, N. J.

WHAT THE SPORTS ARE NOW SAYING.

rounds between Australian Mick Dunn and Fred Woods, of Philadelphia, and the same number between Jack Madden, the very clever ex-amateur champion, and Ed Vaughn, of Trenton. Madden has moved down all hands so far, but it is promised that in the Jersey man he will find the hardest game of his life. So mota it be. Dunn and Woods seem to have been matched about the requisite number of rounds to decide the question of supremacy. The fighting these men cannot do in six rounds is scarcely worth looking at.

The baseball outlook for the coming season is very promising. In George Davis the local club has a most efficient

Gerbke; 145 pounds, W. C. Kuepper and E. M. Wood; 150 pounds, A. W. Crane.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, . . . New York.

S. B. H., Duluth, Minn.—Corbett and Kilrain engaged in a glove contest for points in the Southern Athletic Club, New Orleans, and

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BIG AND LITTLE PUGS.

What They Are Doing All Over The Country.

MATCHES TO BE MADE.

Bob Fitzsimmons Talks About His Hitting Powers.

BOXING VERY DULL EVERYWHERE.

Billy Smith says boxing is dead in Buffalo, and he will very likely go to Philadelphia, where the game is fast and furious.

Boxing is still under the rose at Chicago. The efforts of Tommy White to induce Chief of Police Brennan to lift the ban were unsuccessful.

The Seaside Club of Coney Island offers a \$5,000 purse for a contest between "Kid" Lavigne and George Johnson, the English featherweight.

The backers of Jimmy Barry, the champion 165-pound boxer, offer to match him against Billy Plimmer at 110 pounds, weight at the ring side.

Sam Grant, the colored middleweight, of Lafayette, Ind., accepts the challenge of Joe Shockey, of Indianapolis, for a ten-round go for the best purse offered.

Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Cyclone, has just reached New York, from Mt. Clemens, Mich. He is looking for a match at either the Atlantic or Seaside Athletic clubs.

Jack Burke, the Irish lad, has returned to England after a year's sojourn in South Africa. He says the game is good, and he came away with a snug little bank roll.

Jack McDonough writes to the "Police Gazette" that when he fought Fred Morris he undeservedly got the worst of the decision. He wants to fight Morris again.

Jack Dempsey, Kid Madden, Frank Patterson and George Dixon are training at Carroll's Brooklyn Hotel, Coney Island Boulevard, for their fight at the Seaside Athletic Club.

Frank Erns, the Buffalo featherweight, is looking for a match with Ike Weir. As the latter has declared himself out of the business it is doubtful if he gets a chance to meet "the Spider."

Herbert Hale, of Indianapolis, was attacked by cramps while wrestling with Frank Gebel, of Cincinnati, recently, and gave the match to his opponent, after wrestling one hour and nine and a half minutes.

Jim Lynch telegraphed the "Police Gazette" from Chicago, last week offering to come East and fight Mike Leonard at 130 pounds, or Jerry Barnett or Johnnie Griffin, at 125 pounds, for the best purse offered.

Prof. Kohler, on behalf of Al Ullman, accepts the challenge of Joe Wright, champion lightweight wrestler of Canada, and will cover any forfeit the latter may send to the POLICE GAZETTE, and sign articles of agreement.

Jim Burge, "the Iron Man" of Australia, who figured in several contests in this country, defeated Hallaway in 12 rounds in Johannesburg South Africa, recently. Burge is running a skittle alley in that city and making money.

Peter Jackson, who at first declined to take any notice of Frank Craig's challenge, now offers to meet the "Coffee Cooler" for \$5,000 a side, purse or no purse. As the "Cooler" cannot raise that amount he will probably leave Jackson alone.

Jack Everhardt, the Southern lightweight, who has made quite a hit in the South, is in town to try his form against any 135-pounder hereabouts. Everhardt is regarded as a hard puncher, a clever boxer and a most excellent general in the ring.

Harry Greenfield, Alf Greenfield's nephew, and Henry Callan, of Earlfield, have been matched to fight 20 rounds at 130 pounds for a purse donated by the Robinson Club, of London. The battle will be decided next month and will be for a 20 a side.

It is said that Ben Benton of Boston is going to take Dan Creedon and Tom Tracy to England next month. It is Benton's intention to have Creedon meet the "Coffee Cooler," providing the Australian is not defeated in his coming battle with the "Cyclone."

Young Griffe is training conscientiously for his fight with George Dixon. He is well in shape now. His skin is clear and looks hard. The aldermanic paunch he carried for such a long time has entirely disappeared, and, taking him all in all, he is 50 per cent. better than he has been since he landed in America.

Billy Ernst, of the Bushwick A. C., of Brooklyn, and Chris Freeman, of the Ridgewood A. C., of Ridgewood, L. I., have been matched to fight to a finish for the gate receipts and a bet of \$250 a side. The battle will take place on Jan. 28, and will be as private as possible. Both men are old rivals, and at the weight, 135 pounds, should make a great "go."

James Conry, Johnny Van Heest's manager, will take a trip to Mexico next month with a company of boxers and bicycle riders. His party will include Jim Hall, John Van Heest, Australian Billy Murphy, Jack Everhardt, Billy Wheeler and others. They expect to leave New Orleans, February 1. Jim Hall will be the moneyed man of the party.

Considerable interest has been awakened all over the country in the meeting of Dempsey and Ryan, and several large wagers have already been placed. Thomas McCarthy, who represents a party of Chicago stock yards capitalists, has bet Thomas J. Keane and Vere Davis \$1,000 to \$1,400 on Dempsey. A forfeit of \$300 was posted to bid the wager.

A London cablegram to the "Police Gazette" received Jan. 10 says: "The Australian pugilist, Dummy Winters, arrested for killing George Smith in a glove contest in England, was brought before the Old Bailey Tribunal yesterday and discharged. The Grand Jury throwing out the bill against Winters and all others concerned in the affair and under arrest."

Mike Leonard has been matched to fight Jack Downey, of Brooklyn, to a finish the latter part of this month. A few sporting men have offered a purse for the affair, and the mill will be fought with small gloves at 130 pounds. Mike began training Jan. 12. The contest will be held not very far from this city, and both fighters must be in the ring at 8 o'clock P. M. sharp.

George Johnston's offer to fight Kid Lavigne will result in a match provided the Englishman can secure a fair sized purse. Sam Fitzpatrick, manager for Lavigne, called at the Police Gazette office last week and had the following cabled to England: Lavigne will fight Johnston at 135 pounds, give or take 2 pounds, weight in at 3 p. m., for best purse offered in England or America.

Kid McGraw says he will accept the challenge of Jack Barr, of Chillicothe, for a ten-round go at 125 pounds for a purse; match to take place either in this city or Chillicothe. If Johnny Lavigne cares to take on McGraw, the latter will agree to come in at 125 pounds, weight at the ring side, and the match to come off before any club offering a good purse in Cincinnati or Cleveland.

Little is heard of the movements of John L. Sullivan lately, except as an occasional dispatch from some town gives a few details of the ex-champion's meteoric passing. A New Yorker who saw Sullivan a few days ago describes him thus: "Sullivan is growing old rapidly. He looks like a man of 50 years, and his hair is

almost gray. He is enormously big, and his face is shabby in appearance."

Arthur Valentine, the English lightweight, who now claims the championship of that country, continues cabling to this country for matches. Several American boxers have accepted his challenges, but he never showed any inclination to make a match. Billy Madden is going to send for him, and should he come to this country he will have no trouble in getting matches for any side wager he names.

The National Sporting Club, of London, are out with an offer for one or more big contests. In a cable to the POLICE GAZETTE received Jan. 12, the club offers a purse of £500 for a match between Joe Chojinski and the Coffee Cooler, or Dan Creedon and the Cooler, the winner to take all, or as may be arranged. No expenses allowed. Should either accept, Richard K. Fox is empowered to make the match.

The challenge of Joe McAuliffe, the big Californian, offering to box Jake Kilrain is answered promptly and to the point by the latter. Kilrain, in a letter to the POLICE GAZETTE, writes that since McAuliffe is so anxious for his scalp, that he will box McAuliffe, provided that he, McAuliffe, can induce some responsible club to hang up a purse for the contest. That he has no preference, but will fight in any part of the country.

A London cable to the "Police Gazette" announces the death at Nottingham, Eng., on Jan. 18, of George Fryer, the heavy-weight boxer. Fryer came to this country during the time that Madison Square Garden was given over to the four-round contests in which Sullivan, then in his prime, was taking in money by the barrel. Fryer challenged Sullivan, but nothing came of the challenge and he returned home after engaging in one or two minor contests with indifferent success.

Horace Leeds has authorized the "Police Gazette" to arrange a match for him with the Western lightweight, George F. Greene, to fight before the Victor Athletic Club of Tacoma, Wash. This club recently offered a purse of \$2,500 for a match between George F. Greene and Jack McAuliffe. As Jack is suffering from an injury to his arm Leeds is desirous of taking his place in the match, and all he requests is that he be allowed expenses which was included in the club's offer to "Mac." If this match can't be arranged, Leeds will fight McAuliffe, Griffe, or any other white man in the world, for \$2,500 a side or more.

If Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight in Florida according to the conditions already agreed to, they and the intending spectators of the mill will travel in luxury by the New York and Florida Short Line Limited, between New York and Jacksonville and Augusta, and the Washington and Southwestern Vastline Limited between New York, Atlanta, New Orleans, Memphis, Asheville, Chattanooga and Nashville. The company has added to their service a new train, which is, beyond doubt, one of the finest trains in the world. Passengers on this train go through to St. Augustine and Tampa without change, dinner being served at Jacksonville at 7 o'clock, St. Augustine 8:15 P. M., on the evening of the day after leaving New York.

Charley Farrell, of Brooklyn, and Jack Mullins, of New York, met in a Coney Island resort the other night, and fought for a purse of \$250. About 200 sports were present. Honors were about even for fifteen rounds. In the sixteenth round Mullins got in a powerful uppercut on Farrell's jaw, following it up with a right-hand swing, that caught the Brooklynite on the neck and sent him to the floor. When the ten seconds had been counted off he was still there, unconscious, and was declared out. Mike Winters and Con Sullivan were in Mullins's corner, while Hughey Boyle and Andy McCabe were behind Farrell. Mullins weighed in at 139 pounds, while the Brooklyn boy tipped the beam at only 137, but Farrell had the advantage in height and reach, being fully two and one-half inches taller than his opponent.

John J. Quinn, the manager and backer of Peter Maher, the Irish champion, writes the POLICE GAZETTE from Cleveland, where their company is now showing: "I see that Joe McAuliffe wants to fight Maher. Now, Maher will fight anybody but there must be money in the match. If McAuliffe can get backing for \$2,500 let him send a forfeit of \$500 to \$1,000 to POLICE GAZETTE and I will at once cover the money. I will make a match for no less than \$2,500 a side, but will willingly increase the stakes to whatever amount over \$2,500 McAuliffe can raise. If he cannot secure backing to the amount named, I will match Maher against him for any reasonable purse, the winner to take all. Maher wants to fight and he doesn't care who he fights if there is any money in it. He will fight any man offering for \$5,000 to \$10,000 of my money and I have got the money to make good at all times."

Horace M. Leeds, who aspires to the title of lightweight champion, evidently appreciates the influential quality of the POLICE GAZETTE, judging from the following letter just received:

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq., POLICE GAZETTE—Dear Sir: I see that \$3,500 is offered for a contest between McAuliffe and Greene, alias Young Corbett, by the Victor Athletic Club, of Tacoma, Washington. I've written them offering to take McAuliffe's place, and thought I would suggest for you to write them in reference to it, as I'm positive it would have considerable weight. McAuliffe's arm is broken, and it is impossible for him to accept, and I think I would be as good a card as he.

I informed them that I posted my money with you, and challenged him for the championship; and he forfeited.

It seems strange that McAuliffe or Griffe or some other white man, don't meet me for \$2,500 or more, or if any club with any stability offers a satisfactory purse, I'll meet any white man.

Should you incur any expenses in negotiating with the Tacoma Club, I'll gladly reimburse you. Very respectfully,

HORACE M. LEEDS.

Mike Haley, the projector of sporting events, who is now in Europe, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE the following interesting letter:

PARIS, France, Dec. 30, 94.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir and Friend: I am in Paris with Bob Marshall, the champion wrestler of England. Marshall is matched to wrestle Felix Bernard, the champion of France, "Police Gazette" rules, Græco-Roman, two falls in three, for the championship of England and France, for £100 a side.

Marshall stands 6 feet and will weigh 210 pounds in condition; if he wins the championship I will bring him to America to wrestle Evan Lewis for the world's championship, some time in the spring.

The French don't take to boxing, they will go a long way to see wrestling. I think it would be a big thing for you to send a medal to Paris to be wrestled for.

I see the POLICE GAZETTE on sale in most all the news stands and on file in most all the American bars.

Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, is the lion of London. He beat Ted Fritchard in our round. Craig has improved 80 per cent. since last June, and it will take a good man to beat him. England has no good lightweight nor a big man at present, there are plenty of featherweights. Yours

MIKE HALEY.

A Chicagoan who was in conversation with Fitzsimmons a few days ago said: "While your record shows you to be the greatest knock-out hitter in the ring to-day, Corbett is even greater at ducking, and if you can't hit him what good are your trip-hammer blows?" "Don't be too fast to that," responded Fitz. "The first time we get mixed I'm sure to trade him something for his peeping; he can't hit me all the time and not get a return, and I believe one of my thumbs will feel just as heavy to him as to any one else. Think he will keep jabbing me back out of reach, eh? Well, now I want to tell you Corbett is no jabber; if you don't believe it go look at his kinetoscope fight with Courtney; you won't see a jab in it. His blows are all side blows and ducks. I am the jabber, although they won't give me credit for it. I hit straight and hard with the left, turning my body at the same time, so that it makes it look like a hook; and, another thing, they don't like it a jab because it is a knock-out. Jabs got the name of being such hits as sent the head back—nothing very serious. Mine is the same old thing, only twice the power that others put in it. It knocks out, the same as Sullivan's side swing used to do. As for ducking, I think I must know something about it myself, else how have I got through so many fights without a black eye or any other mark about my face?"

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At Boston on Jan. 12, Tom Bannon, of the Pawtucket Club, signed a contract to play with the New Yorks the coming season.

Fred Pfeffer, the baseballist, has gone to New Orleans for the winter. He will probably become a bookmaker on the race-track.

It is not probable that there will be any spring race meeting, except St. Asaph's, at Washington, in the East, before the Brooklyn Jockey Club opens, May 15.

I hereby challenge any lad in America to wrestle any time, at 105 pounds, for \$100 to \$200 a side. Address Charles Dorfinger, 90 Third street, corner First avenue, New York city.

The wrestling contest between Frank Tricker and Elmer Woodmansee has been declared off. The men were to wrestle this week, but as no purse could be secured, they decided to call it off.

John T. Morris, the Ohio detective, and Samuel Emery, the celebrated turfman, were arrested at Richmond, Va., as suspicious characters because of their alleged connection with the recent gold brick swindle.

Amateur Billiard Player Frank Keeney put up the best game so far played by the crack amateur players of Brooklyn against Tom Gallagher, the Western champion. Keeney collected 152 points while Gallagher gathered in his 300.

The "Police Gazette" on Jan. 12, cabled the following to London:—John D. Hughes, "the Lepper," offers Rowell or Littlewood \$250 expenses to come to America, and engage in a six-day go-as-you-please race at Madison Square Garden in May.

Baltimore yachtsmen are talking about building a cup defender. N. C. Moore, designer of the yacht Baltimore, a successful flyer in her day, has offered to build a winning yacht for \$35,000, or to receive no pay for his work beyond the cost of materials.

A cable from Paris to the "Police Gazette" says that Bob Marshall, the champion Græco-Roman wrestler of England, intends coming to America, to wrestle Evan Lewis "the Stranger," for the championship of the world. Marshall stands 6 feet in height and weighs 210 pounds.

At a meeting of the directors of the Linden Blood Horse Association to discuss the proposed race meeting in the spring, it was found that the meeting could not be given in the way the association wished without losing heavily, and it was definitely decided to have no meeting.

The Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa Baseball Association has been reorganized. The following cities pledged themselves to have clubs in the Association: Evansville, Terre Haute, Fort Wayne, Springfield, Bloomington, Joliet, Dubuque, and Burlington. Rockford, Aurora, Decatur, and Danville were not reported but will probably join the Association.

George Wilson, the "dead-broke" pedestrian, is on his travels. The feat which he is to perform is to walk along the four boundaries of the United States and return to Cincinnati within 12 months. He is also to get a wife on his travels. Wilson is to live only on what the public gives him, and is to win a wager of \$1,500 if he concludes his travels within the time stipulated.

A professional starter of race horses is not a bad business. For the past ten years Starter James Caldwell, who is at present at the St. Nicholas, has made \$100 per day, and sometimes \$200 per day, for whistling the starter's flag. That he has followed the old adage, "make hay while the sun shines," is attested by the fact that he carries in his inside pocket a certified check for \$150,000.

George H. Standing, of New York, easily defeated Henry Roakes in the final game of racquet played in the Chicago A. A. court recently. The Chicago man showed up stronger than in the previous games, but it was plain from the start that he was no match for the sturdy young Yorker, who defeated him by all-around superior play. Until Roakes met Standing he was practically invincible at the game.

Edward Fournell, the French expert, has renewed his challenge to play lives or schaffer at balk-line billiards for \$1,000 a side. He says his object in coming to America was to arrange a match with these men, one or both, and, with this still in view, he does not care to engage in any other contests. Fournell says he will meet either Ives or Schaefer at any time with the money ready to make the match suggested.

The lease on the West Side Park, in Nashville, Tenn., which has been held for two years past by the Cumberland Fair and Racing Association, expired Jan. 1, and arrangements will now be perfected for a big spring meeting, beginning about March 25, and lasting thirty-five days. Eastern racing men will be associated with C. H. Gillock, of Nashville, in the management. There will be no stakes, but the purses will be liberal.

This is what Mike Donovan, the Western turfman, who was recently in New York, has to say about the future of racing in this State: "Things are just all at sixes and sevens, particularly among the smaller owners, and it looks now as if there would be a general exodus westward when spring opens. There is some talk about the possibility of racing in Jersey, but all rumors even concerning that are vague and uncertain."

The Athletic Almanac is a new monthly publication issued by James E. Sullivan. Each number is complete, containing all the amateur records up to date, and fully illustrated with half-tone cuts. Mr. Sullivan is eminently fitted to edit such a publication. He is the secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union and president of the Metropolitan Division of that body. He will probably be appointed managing director of the New York Baseball Club, vice Talcott.

Manager Buckenberger, of the St. Louis team, has signed Pitcher Staley, who was with Boston last season. Although the new pitcher has had several years' experience in the big League, he cannot be denominated a startling success. His work with the bean-eaters last year was far from satisfactory. Mr. Von der Ahe is evidently providing against a rainy day, and as he has seen twice besides his latest acquisition the fans will watch the success or failure of Staley with indifference.

The management of the University of Illinois track team has secured the services of Harry Cornish, manager of the Chicago Athletic Club, to coach its members. Mr. Cornish will be with the team twice a week up to May 1, when he will take full charge of the team in order to get the men in shape for the Western Intercollegiate Association meet, which will be held at Terre Haute, and for the big college meet in Chicago. Illinois intends to do her best to retain the western athletic championship which was won at Chicago last June.

A Western and Southern Trotting circuit has been formed as follows: Joliet, July 29, purses \$20,000; Terre Haute Fair, August 5, \$50,000; Indianapolis Driving Club, August 12, \$40,000; Ft. Wayne, August 19, \$30,000; Columbus, August 26, \$20,000; Chilli

cotte, Ohio, September 2, \$20,000; Louisville, September 9, \$40,000; Indiana State Fair, September 16, \$50,000; Chicago Northwestern Breeders' Association, September 23, \$50,000; Terre Haute Driving Club, October 1, \$50,000; Lexington, October 4, \$75,000; Nashville, October 14, \$40,000.

All the entries are in for the Brooklyn Handicap, mile and a quarter, to be run the first day of the spring meeting of the Brooklyn Jockey Club at its track at Gravesend. The entries in full follow: Areas, 3; Assignee, 4; Banquet, aged; Baronesse, 4; Banquet-law, 3; Bathampton (imp.), 4; Buckrose, 4; Counter Towner, 3; De-clare, 4; Don Alonso, 5; Dr. Riser, 5; Ed Kearney, 4; Hugh Penny, 5; Hornpipe, 4; Lazzarone, 4; Lehman, 4; Leonard, 4; Matt Byrnes (imp.), 4; Patriolan, 4; Ramapo, 5; Ray S., 3; Rey El Santa Anita, 4; Rubicon, 4; Sir Francis, 5; Sir Knight, 4; Sir Walter, 5; Sister Mary, 5; Song and Dance, 4; Sport, 5; The Commencer, 3.

The University of Pennsylvania will send no crew to Europe this spring to contest in the Henley regatta unless the unexpected happens and Cornell invites the Quakers to join them on the transatlantic trip. This can be stated authoritatively, although the members of the University Rowing Committee say that the matter has not yet been finally settled, as they are still waiting to hear Cornell's final position on the question. A number of prominent oarsmen have stated, however, that the sentiment in the university's rowing circles is to accede to Cornell's wishes, and that means that no Quaker crew will be seen at Henley this spring.

Just after the last race at Alexandria Island the other day the discovery was made that the pencil doing business under the name of the Ron Club had switched. It was ascertained from the sheets that the book had taken in \$579 on the race and stood to pay out on the winner \$709. All he could have lost on the race was \$390. The Association promptly refunded the original investments to the holders of winning tickets. Some sort of mystery seemed to surround the identity of the Ron Club's backer, as it was his first day's experience in the ring. It was learned later that the backer was a Washington coffee-house keeper.

Henry McDaniels, the experienced and efficient trainer of thoroughbreds, who had charge of Lucky Baldwin's horses last season and prepared Ray El Santa Anita for the Derby, will have a public stable, and already has a dozen well-bred and high-class flyers to run in his charge. It is not often that one family has the honors of landing a stake like the American Derby twice in succession. The McDaniels family has that distinction. Boundless, who was trained by Will McDaniels, won the big stake in the World's Fair year, and Henry trained Ray El Santa Anita for it last season. Henry has not succeeded in making a settlement with the California millionaire.

The following cables were received at the "Police Gazette" office during the week:

LONDON, January 7, 1895.
RICHARD K. FOX.—George Johnson will box Kid Lavigne at 9 stone, give or take one pound and weigh in at ring side, for £200 a side and best purse offered either in England or America. Articles from Lavigne will insure a match.
O. K. EDMUNDS.

LONDON, January 8, 1895.
George Corfield offers to box Tommy Kelley of Michigan, at 108 or 110 pounds, for £100 a side and purse £100. Corfield will also allow Kelley £25 for expenses to England.

The presidency of the League of American Wheelmen is an office that bicyclists are much interested in nowadays. It has been thought that at the next election the members would bestow the gift on a western man. Three Chicagoans were named for the office. They were Howard Raymond, Thomas Sheridan and F. W. Gerould. All three have signified that they do not care for the office. In addition to the above three, Charles Lacombe, who is at present the holder of the office, has been quoted as saying that he does not desire another term, but this he denies. The last man to be mentioned for the place is A. C. Willison, of Baltimore. George O. Perkins, of Massachusetts, has been talked of as vice-president, and A. E. Mergenthaler, of Ohio, as treasurer.

The pigeon shooting competition for the United States amateur championship was flushed at the grounds of the Larchmont Yacht Club on Jan. 12, and to the surprise of many young J. K. Palmer won with the remarkably high total of 95 killed out of a possible 100 birds. His final string of 50 birds, in which he killed 49 out of 50, was one of the grandest exhibitions of skill ever seen at the traps. As a matter of fact it should have really been 50 straight, as his sixty-third bird, which died out of bounds, should have been scored as a kill. In addition to the championship he captures a \$350 cup and half of the entrance money. George Work took second place with 89, while L. T. Davenport was third with 88, and Messrs. Ferguson and Moore divided fourth money.

The London Athletic Club's official acceptance of the New York Athletic Club's challenge has been received. The tone of the reply removes all doubt about the proposed match, and a contest between the leading athletic clubs of America and England is assured for next summer. The Londoners propose the following events be contested: 100 yards, 130 yards, hurdles; 440 yards, half a mile, one mile, three miles, high jump, long jump 16-pound shot (or hammer). With regard to the time, the month of May will be too early for the New Yorks, and September will be suggested instead. The events proposed are entirely suitable to the New York Athletic Club, except that there are not quite enough, and the Englishmen will be asked to add a 220-yard run and a 16-pound hammer competition. Both of these are regulation events, and the Britishers will probably acquiesce in the change.

FAST HORSES OFF FOR ENGLAND.

Horsemen mustered in numbers at the Atlantic Transport dock, New York, Jan. 12, to see the last of Richard Croker's and M. F. Dwyer's thoroughbreds prior to their departure for England. The fact that the racing outlook in this State is so discouraging seemed to bring all onlookers into sympathy with the enterprise of Messrs. Croker and Dwyer, who goes for racing all the time, even if it takes a voyage of 9,000 miles to get there. The horses were shipped as fast as their vagaries would permit. Banquet cut up in the most incorrigible fashion and had to be hoisted aboard. When he was finally stowed away and made to understand that there was no possibility of playing any further pranks, he placidly went to sleep and ignored all further arrangements of the management. The majority of the blooded stock walked the gangplank without any trouble.

Mr. Croker reached the dock about 11 o'clock. He said that he was thoroughly satisfied with the arrangements for the transit of his stock. He paid particular attention to Montauk, the "36 Derby entry, and to Utica, from which he expects big returns.

The choicest of the horses were stowed away amidships. Montauk, Dobbins, Don Alonso, and Banquet were tied up by side. In another section were Stonewall, Harry Reed, and Utica. The other horses were:

Herbert, b. c. by Iroquois—Hildgarde.
Nattie Bumpo, b. c., 2 years, by Tremont—Tassel.
True Blue, ch. c., 2 years, full brother to Tammany, by Iroquois—Tullahoma.
Belle Meade, ch. f., 2 years, by Glenelg—Trade Wind.
Sweet Marie, ch. f., by Iroquois—Baby.
Tribby, ch. f., 2 years, by Iroquois—Theodora.
Brown Billy, 2 years, by Tremont—Pride.
Bay Billy, by Iroquois—Armel.
Chester Billy, 2 years, by Enquirer—Tomrig.
Chester Billy, 2 years, by Iroquois—Vallette.
Bay Billy, 2 years, by Iroquois—Faux Pas.
Chester Billy, 2 years, by Iroquois—Tattoo.
Dinah, ch. f., 2 years, by Iroquois—Orphan Girl.
The valuable horses sailed away on schedule time, followed by the cheers and good wishes of a representative crowd of horsemen.

James J. Corbett said in a recent interview: "Win or lose, I shall retire from the ring after my fight with Fitzsimmons, and Jackson can look elsewhere for a battle. I am only going into this fight because I want to whip Fitzsimmons." Corbett, when asked the relative positions of Fitzsimmons and Jackson as pugilists, said: "In Jackson's day he was a better man than Fitzsimmons ever was or ever will be, but I think that Jackson is no longer any good."

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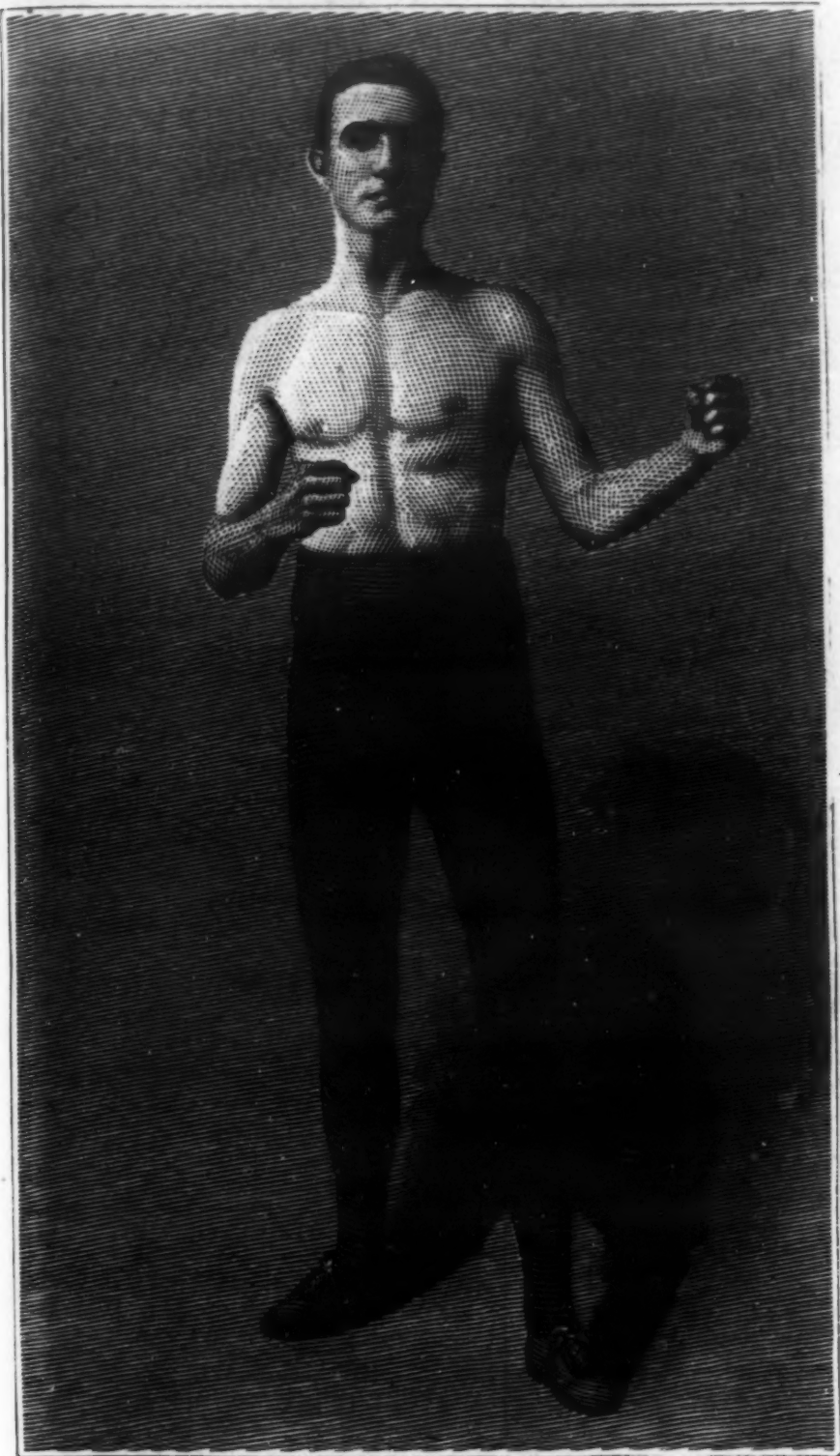
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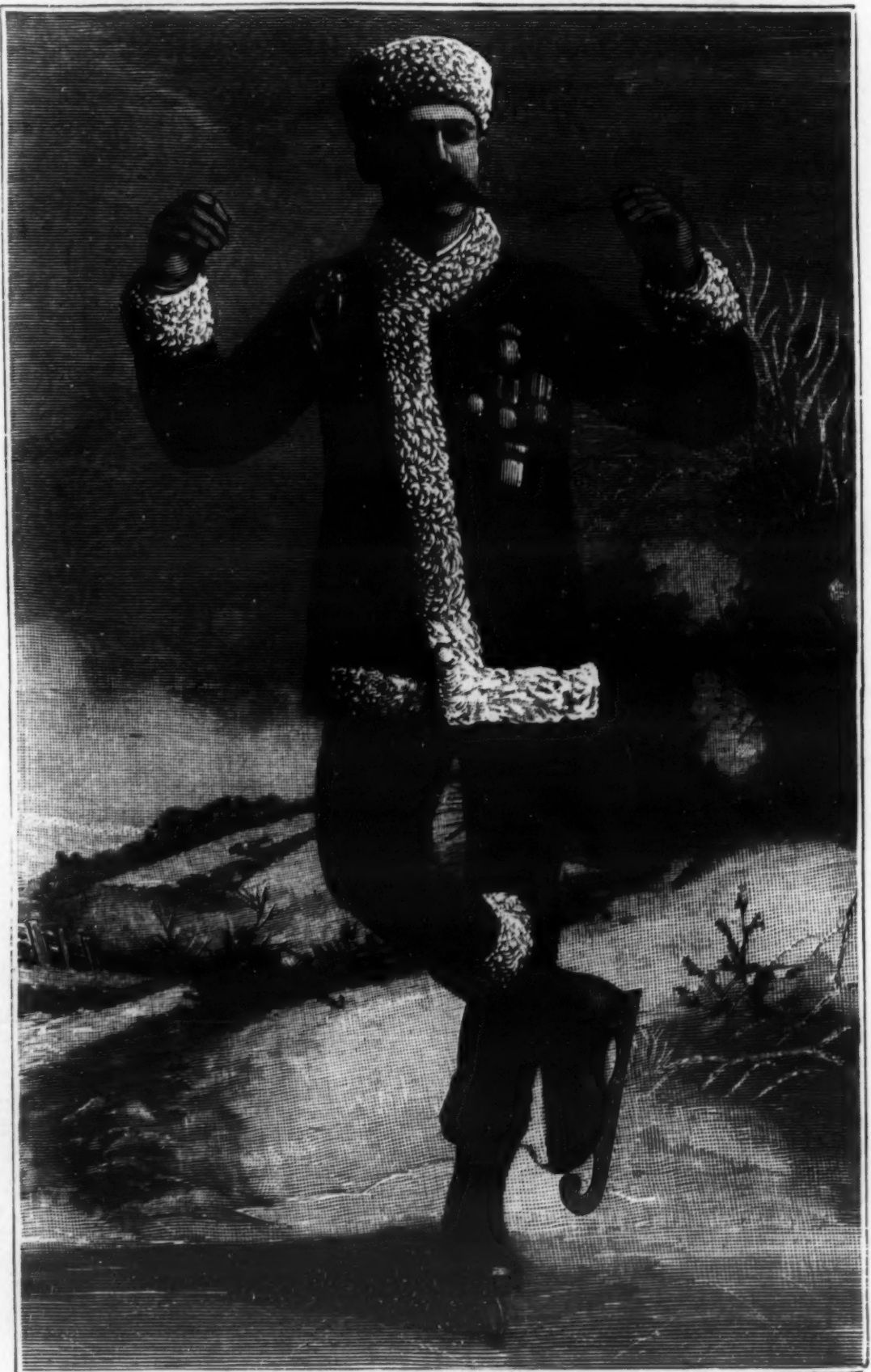


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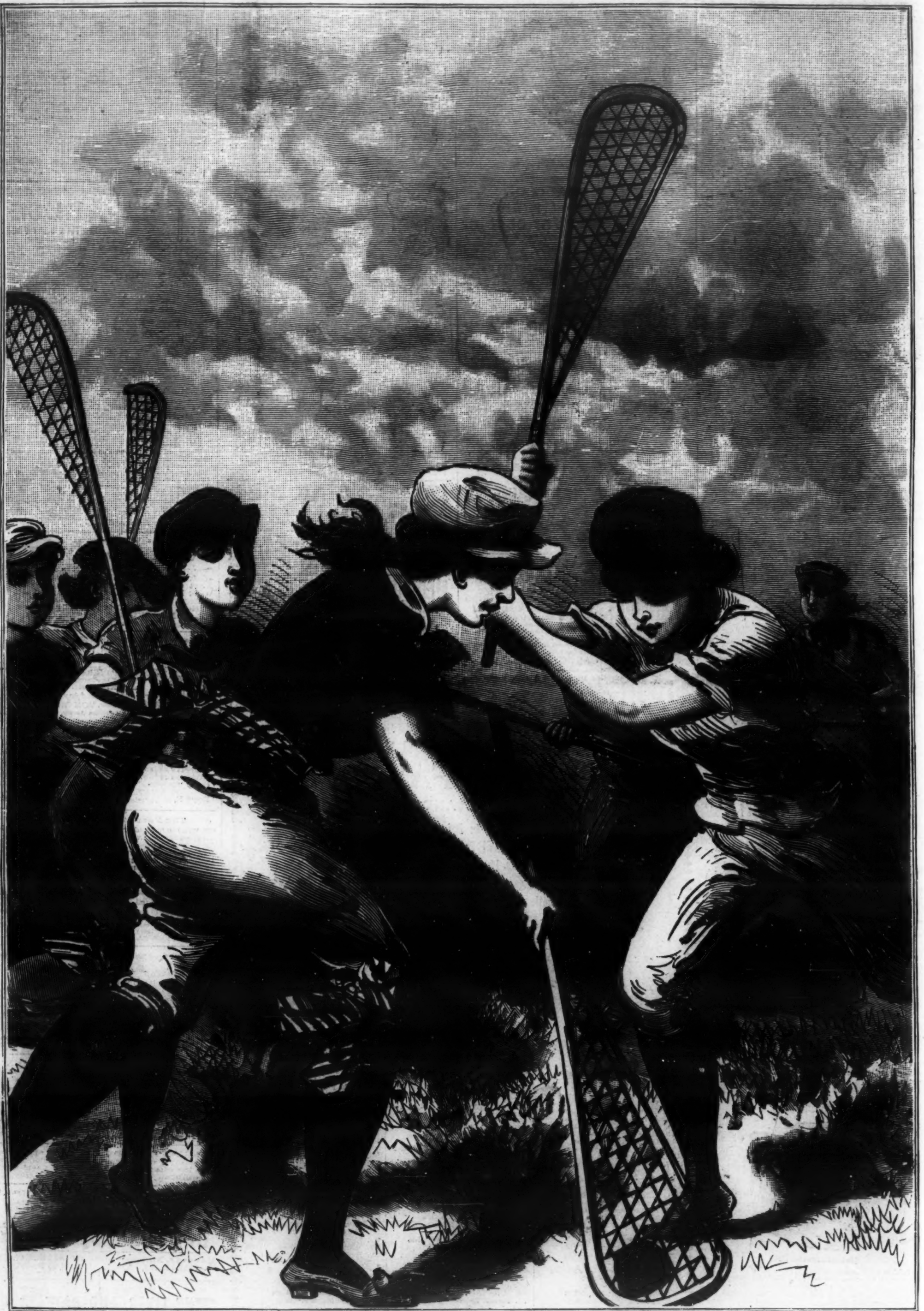
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